

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.

The love of a mother  
Is purest and best;  
No love of another  
Can give such sweet rest!  
In joy and in sorrow  
It falls on our way,  
And no hearts can borrow  
Such strong love to-day.

The love of a mother  
Is constant and true;  
On sister and brother  
It falls like the dew,  
When fair flowers grow weary,  
Of sunshine and light,  
And droop, like hearts dreary,  
In life's hour of blight.

The love of a mother  
Will never grow cold;  
To one and another  
It's purer than gold!  
It makes burdens lighter,  
Our pathway less drear,  
And life will seem brighter  
With mother's love near.

The love of a mother  
No anguish can blight;  
To sister or brother  
It brings pure delight.  
It soothes all our sadness,  
And heals heart's sore;  
It joys in our gladness  
When dark hours are o'er.

The love of a mother  
Is tender and warm;  
For sister and brother  
Safe port in the storm!  
Forever and ever  
It falls like a dew  
On earth that will never  
Find love half so true.

## STORY TELLER.

### Bringing Home the Cows.

"Well, Bessie, the new teacher is said to board with us this summer," said Farmer Mapleton, as he lifted two brimming pails of milk and set them down on the kitchen table. "I saw him down at Shelby this afternoon, and he engaged board at \$3 a week. He seemed awfully anxious about the family somehow."

"Why so, father?" asked the girl addressed as Bessie, deftly slipping the shining pans from her arm into a row alongside of the milk pails.

"Oh, he wanted to know how many were in the family; and when I told him only myself and wife and one little girl, he put on a mighty satisfied look, and asked if the little girl was old enough to go to school."

"And what did you tell him?" queried the damsel, with an amused look, as she lifted one of the pails and poured the rich, foamy fluid slowly into the huge strainer.

"Oh, yes, I said, she is old enough to go to school, but I don't think we shall send her this summer, as her mother prefers to teach her at home."

A clear, ringing, silvery laugh followed this speech, and Bessie took up the empty pails and strainer and went out to the kitchen pump.

Bessie Mapleton, Mr. Mapleton's little girl as he called her, was in reality a magnificent specimen of womanhood. She was fully five feet eight inches in height, with massive shoulders, beautifully rounded bust, shapely arms and hands and a well-turned foot. She had also a splendid head of wavy red-brown hair, matched by a pair of glorious eyes. With these, a clear, creamy complexion, deepened on the cheeks to a pale rose, full, red lips, and rounded, dimpled chin, combined to form a very pleasant exterior.

In point of intelligence, Miss Mapleton was far above the ordinary 18-year-old country girl. She had graduated with signal honors at a ladies' boarding-school, and had now to come home, as she said, to add to her other accomplishments a stock of good common sense. As her mother chanced to be without a domestic, she, of her own accord, proposed to take that share of the labor usually performed by the hired girl, and thus learn the mysteries of housekeeping.

She had proved herself an apt pupil, and, after six months of apprenticeship, Mrs. Mapleton, who rather prided herself on her excellent housekeeping abilities, decided that Bessie could do almost as well as she could herself.

Now, Mr. Mapleton, had not meant to deceive Edgar Pierpont when he spoke of his little girl. He had fallen into a habit of calling her so in her early girlhood before she had developed into her present grand proportions, and he still kept it up. There is no denying that he was somewhat proud of her magnificent form and comely features, and, when he saw how quickly the young schoolmaster snapped up the unintentional bait, he was fain to let the matter pass without further comment, and let the truth flash upon him from Bessie's bright, bewildering eyes.

"I will bring up the cows to-night, father," said Bessie, as she rose from the supper table the night Mr. Pierpont was expected to put in his appearance.

"I don't think you'd better, Bess," said Mr. Mapleton, teasingly. "That young schoolmaster might come when you're gone. You'd be ashamed to be caught driving up the cows, wouldn't you?"

"Not a bit of it, father," and seizing her sun-bonnet she ran gaily out through the open gate and down the lane, sending back a clear, rippling stream of song, which fairly made the old orchard ring with its melody.

Now, whatever was Bessie Mapleton's object in going after these cows this particular evening, perhaps no one but herself will ever know. It might be that, knowing the half mile walk would brighten her eyes and deepen the color in her cheeks, she desired to avail herself of its advantages, as she was one of the few women who had a real contempt for all the so-called cosmetics of the day. Or it might be that the chord of romance, which vibrated strongly through her being, prompted the act. Certain it is that she had taken more than the usual amount of care with her toilet, which, though simple and entirely in keeping with her vocation as a farmer's daughter, was neat and tasteful. And certain it is, too, that, if she had the least idea of getting up a romance on her own private account, she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations.

She had reached the lower end of the pasture, and after, as it seemed to her, a vastly unnecessary amount of coaxing, hallooing and throwing of clubs, she had at last succeeded in getting the cows into a line, and fairly on their homeward way.

She was congratulating herself on her success, when, presto! Juno, a magnificent four-year-old, dipped her horns to the ground, and with a sniff and a snort and a sudden lifting of the heels, went cantering away across the fields, with Brindle and Pink and Brownie and blossom rushing pell-mell after her in such a wild fashion, that Miss Mapleton stood aglazed at the prospect of ever getting them together again. Her first thought was to go to the house and send her father after them. Then she remembered that she volunteered to bring them up, and she must do it in some way.

So, gathering her skirts over her arm, she took a long stick in her hand, and, with her sun-bonnet hanging over her shoulders, and a determined look in her eyes, she started on the chase. But were there ever such perverse animals in the wide world? Hither and thither they ran as if possessed by the very demon of mischief. In vain she shook her stick and hallooed; in vain she ran frantically to and fro. All her efforts seemed rather to increase their playfulness than to inspire them with any feeling of respect and obedience.

At last she stopped in the middle of the field; panting for breath, with flushed face, disheveled hair and angry-looking eyes; and, uttering an exclamation expressive of strong disgust, she threw down her stick and was returning toward home, when she suddenly became aware of a masculine presence, and a deep, rich voice, asked: "Shall I help you, miss?"

Looking up, she saw a broad shouldered specimen of the *genus homo* rapidly approaching, with an amused expression in his blue eyes, and certain twitches of the mouth, showing a strong inclination to laugh. But at sight of the flushed face and tired eyes, this tall, merry-looking stranger suddenly became tender and respectful; and, while Bessie grew hot and uncomfortable and painfully conscious of her demoralized condition, he remained cool and self-possessed, and, taking up the discarded weapon, he proceeded after those refractory bovines in a way that evidently meant business.

But, as though perfectly aware of a superior presence, to Bessie Mapleton's utter disgust, those cows formed quietly into line and marched as demurely toward home as if that wild, wicked frolic had never been thought of.

As they followed the cows along over the green crocus-dotted sward, the young stranger conversed in an easy, off-hand way, which under ordinary circumstances would put Miss Bessie entirely at ease. But she was too keenly alive to the fact that her dress was torn by an unlucky contact with a thorn bush, her collar awry, and that her back hair escaped the legitimate confinement of the comb

and hair-pins, and hung in great coffee-colored masses about her ears and throat.

"Where does Mr. Mapleton live?" he asked, abruptly, when the cows were safe in the lane and the bars replaced. "I'm the new teacher, Mr. Pierpont, at your service," with a low bow, "and I'm going to board with them this summer."

"Right up there," answered Bessie, indicating the house with a nod, and smiling in spite of her chagrin. "These are Mr. Mapleton's cows."

"He regarded her curiously a moment. 'And you are?'"

"Miss Mapleton," with a profound courtesy.

"Ah! indeed. Mr. Mapleton's niece, perhaps."

"No; Mr. Mapleton's daughter."

"I think—I understood Mr. Mapleton to say that he had but one daughter, and that was a little girl."

"Well, he always calls me his little girl," she said, looking up with a comically-counterfeited shyness; and then, as all the grotesqueness of the situation burst upon her mind, she gave vent to a long, low, hearty laugh. It was contagious. Mr. Pierpont laughed, too, albeit there was a disappointed look in his handsome blue eyes, which was not lost upon observing Bessie, and at which the young lady, naturally enough, felt a little piqued.

"Never mind, Bessie," she said to herself. "Mr. Pierpont doesn't seem to care for our company. I really don't wonder at it, considering our dilapidated appearance this evening, but we will take care not to inflict ourselves upon him more than is necessary."

At the gate they met Mr. Mapleton. He stopped to exchange greetings with the young teacher, while Bessie ran quickly into the house and upstairs to her room, and did not make her appearance again that evening.

At the breakfast table she was cool and stately, and acknowledged Mr. Pierpont's presence by a slight inclination of her handsome head.

For some reason unknown to the writer, Mr. Edgar Pierpont had decided that young ladies as a class were somewhat of a nuisance, and he had been particularly anxious, in selecting his summer boarding place, to avoid contact with these, as he thought, superfluous attachments to the human family.

Whether it was some unfortunate love affair, which had assisted Mr. Pierpont to this decision is immaterial, so long as the fact remains that he had voted them altogether unnecessary to his happiness.

"Vain, silly things," he was wont to say; "hollow-hearted flirts, whose only idea of life is to angle for the attentions of the opposite sex, and eventually to marry a rich man."

But if he had the least idea that Bessie Mapleton was going to angle for his attentions, or try to get up the least bit of a flirtation, he reckoned without his host, for she was as sublimely oblivious to his presence, except when particularly addressed by him, as if he had been at the antipodes.

And always her replies were sharp and pointed, and sometimes so sarcastic that good Mrs. Mapleton wondered what had come over her usually admirable daughter. Before he was hardly aware of it, Edgar Pierpont found his interest aroused. He saw that this girl was different from other girls of his acquaintance, and he resolved to study her.

Watching her from day to day as she performed her homely duties, and seeing how quiet and helpful and womanly she was, how kind and pleasant to her father and mother, how gentle and affable to casual visitors, he could not help wishing she would be just a little more sociable with himself. But, do what he might, she met his advances with icy indifference. The more he sought her side, the more persistently she avoided him.

At length, much to his chagrin, he found himself actually becoming infatuated by the willful beauty. And when he attempted to break the meshes of the net in which he had been caught, he was powerless to do so. He had to acknowledge himself irrevocably lost, hopelessly, desperately in love.

He believed, too, that Miss Bessie was not altogether unaware of his sentiments toward her, and he sometimes fancied he was not so obnoxious to her as he seemed to be. Watching her closely, he had seen swift upflashes of the brown eyes, filled with soft and tender light, followed by the sud-

den waves of crimson over neck and brow, as they dropped quickly again under his searching gaze.

And, indeed, Bessie had found herself in a predicament she had not anticipated, for one day there came to her a moment of supreme revelation in which she saw into the depths of her own heart, and she knew that she loved Edgar Pierpont with all the strength of her womanly nature. But with that spirit perverseness which is inherent in some female characters, she quickly decided to cover up all traces of her love, and not by word or sign to betray the fact that her heart had gone out unasked to any living man, for never under velvet or satin robes beat a prouder heart than throbbed under Bessie Mapleton's gingham wrapper.

It wanted a week yet to the close of school term. Unconsciously to herself, there had come into Bessie's wide, brown eyes, an anxious expression. Her manner was distraught and her temper fitful and uneven, and much so, that her mother had several times anxiously inquired if she were ill.

"No, mother. I'm not ill, and I wish you wouldn't keep worrying about me, all the time," she had answered peevishly on one of these occasions, and Mrs. Mapleton had wondered more than ever what change had come over the spirit of her daughter's dreams, but if she surmised anything of the truth, she wisely kept it to herself.

"I believe Edgar Pierpont loves me, and that he would tell me so if I gave him the least chance," Bessie said to herself over and over again. And yet, strange as it may seem, she placed every possible barrier between herself and such a declaration.

And Edgar? He had vainly sought for an opportunity to see her alone. He knew she purposely kept out of his way, and he was dealing with himself whether to go away and make no mention of the love that was devouring his heart like a consuming fire, or to ask her for a private interview, knowing that she could not well refuse him this, and learn his fate from her own lips.

It was at this juncture of affairs that Mr. Mapleton asked Bessie, one evening, at the supper table, if she could bring up the cows, saying that he had to go some distance to see a neighbor, and that it would be quite late before he would get back.

Edgar Pierpont heard with devout thankfulness, and eagerly awaited her answer.

"Certainly, father," she said, blushing furiously as she thought of her former experience, "I'll try."

"I'll go with her and help her, Mr. Mapleton."

Bessie opened her lips to decline the proffered assistance, but as she met for an instant those calm, blue eyes across the table, the masterful spirit which shone out through them compelled her to be silent.

Down through the old orchard, where red-cheeked apples swung low upon the heavily laden branches, past the corn fields, whose wide, green leaves and yellow tassels rustled in the evening breeze; around the brow of the hill, where their feet at every step nestled in among the fragrant clover blossoms, and down to the spring, where a rustic seat had been fixed up under some spreading oaks, they went.

He had not spoken a word since they started. Bessie would have chosen to go down the lane directly to the pasture, but by some secret power he had gained over her within the last half hour, he compelled obedience to his unspoken wishes. Now he broke the silence:

"Sit down here, Bessie, I've got something I want to say to you."

She flashed up a little smile of defiance, but she had met her master. She sat down. He remained standing.

"Miss Mapleton," he began, "for more than a week I have been seeking an opportunity to see you alone. I felt that I could not go away from here without telling you what is in my heart. But, before I say more, I want to ask you a question, and I want you to give me a truthful, straightforward answer. Will you?"

"Do you doubt my veracity, Mr. Pierpont?" she asked with a sudden assumption of dignity. "If I answer you at all, I shall probably tell you the truth."

"Very well, then," quietly ignoring the reflection contained in her speech. "It is this: What have I done to make you dislike me so much?"

A spasm of pain swept for an instant over her expressive features. "What makes you think I dislike you?"

"You have never given me any reason to think otherwise. From our first acquaintance you have seemed to consider me as utterly unworthy of your notice. Perhaps it was this which first attracted my attention, and set me to watching you. Observing from day to day your sweet, helpful, womanly life, I have learned to love you, and—oh! Bessie, I would like to know what I have done that was wrong, that I may, if possible, atone for my fault, and try to win your love in return."

"I want to ask you a question," she said suddenly, looking up with an arch smile.

"A dozen, if you like."

"One will do, I think, but I want you to give me a truthful, straightforward answer. Will you?"

"I will try to," smiling in spite of his earnestness.

"Weren't you very much disappointed when you found out that Mr. Mapleton's little girl was a full-grown young woman?"

"I—I—I—" he stammered, reddening painfully under her mocking scrutiny.

"No prevarication, if you please."

"Well, then, I may as well make a clean breast of it, and admit that I was disappointed, and, furthermore, that I had at that time a very poor opinion of girls in general. I considered them as silly and selfish, and—"

"Entirely unworthy of your notice."

"Perhaps that is not putting it too strongly," he admitted, wincing a little. "But, Bessie, my love for you has taught me a higher form of faith, and a nobler creed. Having made my confession, am I not entitled to your forgiveness, and an answer to my question?"

"To my forgiveness, yes," extending her hand with charming frankness. "I did not agree to answer your question?"

"You will at least tell me, Bessie, if I can ever hope to win your love?"

"No, Edgar," with sudden, sweet seriousness. "You cannot hope to win my love, for it is yours already. I have a long time known that my heart was yours. I think I have loved you ever since you came to my assistance that evening, when I was so tired and discouraged. But I was piqued at your indifference to my girlish charms," she added, naively, "and I resolved to pay you off in your own coin. I have discharged the debt. I am free."

"Only to be bound again by a firmer contract," he exclaimed, as he bent over and placed upon her lips the seal of their betrothal.

Together in the early twilight they followed home the cows again, and while Brindle and Brownie and Blossom and Pink and Juno walked quietly and contentedly along the lane, these young people talked together of their future and laid wise and sagacious plans for the days to come.

Then, when the milk had been strained and set away in the wide, cool pantry, and the lights had been lighted in the sitting-room, they appeared hand-in-hand before Mr. and Mrs. Mapleton, and Edgar Pierpont asked of them their daughter in marriage.

"Yes, yes, you may have her," exclaimed Mr. Mapleton, rising up in a sort of nervous flutter, "but you can't take her away. You must come here to live. I'm getting old, anyway, and I need some one to help me to see to things about the farm. Are you willing to do this?"

"More than willing, Mr. Mapleton."

"That settles it then, and may you be happy together, as happy as Mother Mapleton and I have always been, is the best wish I can give you."

Chicago Ledger.

## A RICH COLORED MAN.

The richest colored man in the United States is Aristide Marie, of New Orleans, who has an income from his city rent-roll alone of \$50,000 to say nothing of his other property. He has not, however, made all this since Lincoln's proclamation, for he was a large slave-owner before the war, and is a gentleman of blood and breeding which would throw any number of Haytian princes in the shade, whatever the particular hue of their skin. Mr. Marie lives abroad on the proserpine plant about half a year.

An exchange says it makes a woman sick to keep a secret. He must have guessed at it, as it has never yet been put to a practical test.

## The Virtue of a Good Sleep.

"I do not think a man should be waked at morning, and for this reason when a man falls asleep he is in the shop for repairs, as the railroad men say. His frame and all its intricate machinery is being overhauled and made ready for the next day's work. The work of the previous day is being repaired. Nature is doing that herself. She knows what the tired frame needs, just as she knows how to make the heart throb and send the blood coursing through the veins. Then she takes that tired frame, lays it down on a bed, surrounds it with soft darkness and lets the man rest. Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," visits him, and as the hours wear by his energies are renewed, his strength comes back, and finally when morning breaks and the sunlight steals through the lattice, he opens his eyes and is himself again. Or if he is early to bed he is awakened with the cock's crowing. Now, who shall go to that man's side an hour or two before he opens his eyes, and say to nature, stand aside and let him get up. He has had enough rest. Well, nature will say, 'You can take him if you will, but I will charge him with an hour's loss of sleep and I'll collect it out of his bones and nerves and hairs and eyesight. You can't cheat me. I'll find property to levy on.'

"What would be the result if a man were to lose sleep habitually for a number of years?"

"You are a reporter?"

"Yes."

"You work how many hours a day?"

"Fifteen. I go to work at 12 in the daytime and I quit at 3 at night."

"How old are you now?"

"Say twenty-three."

"Well, when you are thirty in years you will be fifty-five in aches and ailments. Go ask your morning paper printers how they feel. Are their steps elastic—are their eyes bright—are they fagged out—are they dragging out their lives? Put them beside men who do day work, and how do they compare?"

"You say a man ought to sleep all he wants to?"

"Yes, and so should a child. A baby should not sleep with its mother; a child should be sent to bed early and be allowed to wake of its own accord in the morning. As for school girls, many a girl who has a dozen studies would be better occupied chasing butterflies, or training flowers, or galloping a pony, or dancing. I would prefer to have a daughter healthy, sweet tempered, sensible and beautiful without Latin, algebra or grammar, than to have one ever so far advanced in the humanities with her health ruined, or perhaps lying under a marble urn in the cemetery; and for me I would rather be able to earn \$2 a day in the vigor and glory of perfect health than to draw rents from property for which I have exchanged the blessings of a sound constitution."

## One of the Greatest Speculators.

P. D. Armour is of sturdy Scotch Presbyterian stock. He was born in one of the central counties of New York, on a farm among the hills. It was the highest ambition of his boyhood days to earn money enough to buy the farm adjoining his father's. When the gold fever broke out he was still a mere stripling; but full of enthusiasm, he started for California, driving a wagon across the plains and mountains. He remained there three or four years, and in that time saved a few thousand dollars. He had cash enough to buy that farm and settle down. He had no sooner reached home than he experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The streets of the village looked narrow, cramped, and dull. The house appeared mean and dingy. He only remained on the farm two or three days, and then took himself to Cincinnati. Later he drifted to Milwaukee, and at the close of the war he sold a great lot of pork at \$49 a barrel, and bought it in again at \$18 to \$19, realizing a profit of about a million. To-day he ranks as the wealthiest man in Chicago, being rated by those who know something of his business at \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000. His transactions are colossal. His firm employs between 5,000 and 6,000 men, and on his pay rolls are about fifty men who receive salaries of \$5,000 and over. He is not yet 55 years of age.

Is a deaf Irishman an exile from hearin'?

## What Wives are For.

It is not to sweep the house and make the beds and darn the socks and cook the meals that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do that cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes that she has made; send him to see the needle work and bed-making; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after these. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that as he puts his arm around her feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life—in storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing farther than house work. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised beyond measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving a nobler idea of marriage, and disclose a treasury of courage sympathy and love.

## Mistakes of Life.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops of the ocean or the sands of the sea shore in number. But it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are the fourteen great mistakes:—

"It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviating as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest mistake is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity."

## A Logical Man.

"Gentlemen," said an Arkansas temperance lecturer, "I appear before you to-day for the purpose of urging sobriety. Man was created sober, which proves that it is his duty to remain in that condition." "Hold on!" exclaimed an old fellow arising and addressing the speaker. "You say that man was created sober, and that it is his duty to remain in that condition?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you ought to embrace the entire platform. Man was created naked, and according to your belief he should have remained so." "My hearers," said the lecturer, "I am convinced that I have not thoroughly canvassed the subject. You will please amuse yourselves while I go out and take a drink with this philosophical gentleman."

The density of ice differs very much with the longitude. Now, ten pounds of ice in Burlington, Ia., is about three feet square; in Cincinnati it is about the size of a soap-box; in Pittsburgh it is about as big as a stove-pipe hat; in Philadelphia it has to be put in the ice-chest directly from the wagon or it will melt away before you can run into the house with it; and in New York, if you ask a dealer for ten pounds of ice, he laughs in a hollow manner and says he never heard of such a thing. You take fifty pounds of nothing, and then he weighs it on a letter-scale.—Burlington Hawkeye.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## Don't Run Down Your Fellow Mutes.

We wish to protest against the all too prevalent habit among deaf-mutes of running down and belittling the successful members of their class. The number of deaf-mutes who seem to make it their business to detract from the estimation in which their fellow mutes are held is very large. It is quite an ordinary occurrence to see a little gathering listening to some misfortune-tossed hero who is discussing the merits and enlarging on the demerits of deserving persons. When a deaf-mute succeeds, it is generally found that this class of backbiters and maligners will look about for some evidence to show that his success is merely the result of favorable circumstances and not of individual effort. What can be gained by this system of social warfare, we are unable to comprehend. It does little harm to the object of their envy, but is very apt to prove injurious to the slanderers themselves, and will certainly have a bad effect upon those with whom they mingle. The best way is to give the cold shoulder to these chaps who can not find any thing else to talk about except other people's failings. If one of them should tell all about his own weaknesses, he would be obliged to continue talking for half a century. There never has been a case in which such gossips have amounted to any thing. They spend their time groning against fortune and "luck" which seems to strike every body except themselves, and it is no wonder that, with so much time and thought wasted in lamentation and envious reflection, they seldom rise out of the rut into which they have fallen. Give praise where it is due. Be charitable to all men. Try and gloss over the troubles that beset the path of life by saying kind words and performing generous actions. It will bring you happiness, it will bring comfort to others, and above all it will set an example of good living that others will profit by imitating.

### The Gallaudet Statue.

The recent National Convention adopted a set of resolutions having for its object the erection of a bronze statue of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, on the Centennial Anniversary of the philanthropist's birth. It is too soon to give definite information concerning the movements of the Committee entrusted with the matter. So far as we understand, no great progress has yet been made, but a plan is being formulated which, when carried into effect, will call for the co-operation and assistance of all deaf-mute societies and associations in the Union, as well as all of the institutions for deaf-mutes. There is one thing, however, which was overlooked in the appointment of the Treasurer, and that is, he was not required to give a bond for the safety of the money that may be collected. No one doubts the Treasurer's honesty, but accidents are liable to happen. We would suggest that this matter be attended to without delay.

### The New Postal Order.

The new Postal Order, which has recently been issued by the United States Government, will be of great convenience to those who are obliged to send small sums of money through the mails. The Post Office Money Order is still continued, and is somewhat safer than the new system. By the Postal Note, an order made payable at any post office for any amount under five dollars can be obtained for three cents. The ordinary Money Order costs ten cents. Deaf-mutes who wish to send the subscription price of the JOURNAL, are recommended to buy the Postal Note, instead of sending silver or postage stamps. We have

received several in payment of subscriptions up to the present time, and got the first note issued at the post office of Antrim, N. H.

## ITEMIZER.

### FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

## News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Bella Fisher, of Dunkirk, N. Y., is spending a week at Irving, N. Y.

M. V. Collins and his brother, of Tipton, Ind., expect to go to Indianapolis, Ind., to see the State Fair this month.

William Bailey has returned to Beverly, Mass. He says he enjoyed the National Convention, and that it was a splendid and successful affair.

Martin D. Krendosky, of Buffalo, N. Y., has been out of work for four weeks, but expects to accompany his old boss to New York, where he will resume work.

Mr. S. Stanley Searing, an Episcopal rector, of Norfolk, N. Y., called on Mr. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., and astonished him by talking in the sign-language.

Walter Peet, son of the Principal of the New York Institution, is at present on a gunning expedition in Iowa. He will, in all probability, return to New York in October.

Prof. R. Stryker, of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, New York, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Stryker, of this village.—*Gilboa, N. Y., Monitor, Sept. 6.*

Col. Ford, superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, has issued a circular, stating that deaf-mutes can not be received at the asylum until the buildings are completed, when the public will be notified.

The mutes from the Hub, who attended the National Convention, are loud in their praises of the generosity and hospitable manner in which they had been treated by the New Yorkers, and they hope to be able to return the same courtesies to the Gothamites, whenever the latter come to Boston on a visit.

Mrs. D. Wollmann, the mother of Miss Hannah Wollmann, of Brooklyn, E. D., has returned from Europe, where she has been to see her aged mother. Her trip out was very pleasant, but her return trip was very rough. She had a grand reception awaiting her on her arrival home. The floral presents and decorations of the house were very nice.

Miss Anna Thomas, a semi-mute young lady, of Tipton, Ind., received a prize of a handsome photograph album, as being the prettiest young lady in town. We have permission to copy the note sent with the album—here it is—"Here, with enclosed, find an album, which is presented to you on behalf of a majority of the citizens of our 'Little City,' as a token of their high regards for you as an exemplary young lady. The announcement being made for the prettiest young lady at Prof. Hobert's lecture last evening, the vote was taken, yourself receiving over two hundred majority, the same was carried."

Miss Thomas declares she was never so surprised in her life. She was not at the lecture, and did not know any thing about the prize till next morning.

On Wednesday, Aug. 29th, a party of mutes composed of Mrs. Burt and Miss Ives, of Troy, N. Y., Mrs. Atkins and Misses Demers and Hunter, of Lansingburgh, Miss Ivinne, of New York, Miss Eaton, of Ilion, N. Y., Mrs. Dopp, of Rural Grove, and Messrs. Whittle Roe and Millman, of Hoosick Falls, took an excursion down the river to enjoy the day, picnicking at Maple Island. The day was lovely and cool, and all enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. When they got through dancing and playing, they went to Pleasant Island, and tramped around till night-fall, then took the boat for home, sweet home, with many pleasant memories of the day long to be remembered.

On Saturday, the 1st inst., nearly all the above named mutes went to Albany, and visited the State Capitol, and saw all that was north seeking. They also visited Washington Park and St. Peter's Hospital, and if it had not been for lack of time would undoubtedly have visited several other points of interest.

Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, after coming home from the National Convention, where he had the honor to be appointed a member of the Executive Committee for Massachusetts, found his father in a dying condition. On Tuesday evening at half past eight o'clock, his spirit departed to that "mysterious bourne from whence no traveler returneth." By a strange coincidence, George's first wife had previously died on the same day at the same hour. Before dying, the father had the satisfaction of seeing all his family gathered around his bedside, including his grandson Gilbert, of whom he was very fond, and to one and all, he bade an eternal farewell, bidding George as the oldest son to look after the interests of the family, which he with filial obedience promised to do. Then he died with Christian fortitude:

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The funeral took place on Friday and the last remains of the head of the family were interred in Woodlawn Cemetery, Cambridge. George has the sympathy of his numerous friends in his bereavement, who hope that time will bring its soothing balm to his wound, and religion its deep consolation for the loss of an earthly father.

### Another Statue Proposed for Washington.

At the Thursday session for the National Deaf-Mute Convention in New York City, resolutions were passed to erect a bronze statue of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the deaf-mute education in America, on the grounds of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington City, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the birth of that noble philanthropist on December 10, 1887, and a Committee of Fifteen was appointed for the purpose. The next Convention will be held in this city in August, 1888.—*Washington Star.*

W. F. Johnson's address is Spout Spring, Apomattox Co., Va.

Henry Held is in Newark, N. J., and will return to Fanwood next Monday.

Messrs. Bondfield and Cotter, of Jersey, went to Coney Island last Sunday, and bathed in the cold, salt water. They had a "Jumbo" time.

On the 20th inst., Mr. Charles O'Brien will lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association. His subject has not yet been made known, but will be given on the day.

James McAlexander, of Slayden Crossing, Miss., has been suffering with rheumatism for two months. He wants to buy a "Gallaudet and Hooker" Dictionary. Can any one furnish it?

"Will friends of Mrs. Geo. Slifer, (nee Miss Mary Hummel) lately deceased, kindly tell us all the particulars of her from her sickness to death through the JOURNAL. They have our heartfelt sympathy, especially in George's bereavement."—*Cor.*

The Deaf-Mute Convention at Philadelphia was a model of propriety in one particular. There was no noisy quarreling.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.—In all other particulars, the Convention was held in New York City.—*Philadelphia Ledger, Sept. 8.*

Wm. F. Coughlan, of Fitchburg, Mass., shot a partridge hawk near Lake Washburn, Sterling, Mass., on Saturday. The wings spread three feet, though the birds comparatively light, it weighing only 1½ pounds. Sterling is a town about twelve miles from Fitchburg.

John Taylor, of Lawrence, Mass., has been sick for several months, but is now somewhat improved. He was visited, a short time ago, by Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Oxford, Mass. Mr. Rowe had quite a pleasant talk with him, and afterwards prayed fervently that Mr. Taylor might soon recover his wonted strength. Mr. T. is very thankful to Mr. Rowe for his kind visit and the consolation which it brought.

NOT TOO DEAF TO GET OUT.—The inmates of a farm house in Camden, Ind., had their sympathies appealed to by a call from a man who, with very meek and pitiful gestures, presented a written petition asking aid for a poor "deaf and dumb man." While the women were reading the petition, a large watch dog came rushing down the house and bounded toward the man with a savage growl, which so alarmed him that he shouted, "Get out, sir!" in a loud, clear voice. Not a word was said, though unutterable glances were exchanged, as the man snatched the paper and walked rapidly away.—*The Continent.*

In the Deaf-Mute Convention a Massachusetts delegate read a paper on "Deaf-Mutes in Politics," in which he asserted that deaf-mutes were really in nonentities in politics; and he seemed to argue that they should seek political influence as a body. This idea is merely an extension of the organization of Irishmen, Germans and Negroes for political power simply on account of the accident of their birth. Deaf-mutes are persons unfortunately afflicted by nature. If they combine for political ends, why should not near-sighted people organize? Is there nothing to be done by the noble army who wear liver-pads to settle their coffee and improve their tempers? The extent to which this remarkable kind of combination can be carried is really too enticing. Perhaps it would be well to shut off all forms of birth-marks or acquire misfortunes as a cause of political union.—*Philadelphia Record.*

EDITOR JOURNAL.—We deem it entirely unfit to reply to "Liberty's" last remarks concerning us, because he gave us such a common excuse, and evidently, as a friend expressed, it sought an "evasion," save a few final words. He wished us to understand that the deaf-mutes, not he, had complained, and alleged that he stated so in the plainest language. Well, sir, we hardly believe any one would suppose that he did so from the slight reference he made to them in the last sentence when he used the term "many." "And many now begin to consider the offer as a mere humbug." All the rest seemed to have been his own murmurings as you can plainly see by looking over the item, or at least he was the author of them. It is hard to force ourselves from believing that he was not included in the term "many," and still harder that he was an "innocent Freshman." He admitted nothing, in his last article, which is just unfair, for did we not plainly prove his mistakes in our letter, by telling him it was beyond all possibility to produce the certificate on the day of the unveiling as he desired? Did we not convince him that the offer was reasonably delayed? And did we not advise him to better have intimated his doubt in more respectful language, so as not to insult the donor, as he did? Might not he have been more apt to misunderstand our long reply than his short item? We did not say that the deaf-mutes had no right to complain, but we did that they had better not. He probably did not give the matter any serious consideration in endeavoring to display his wit. But the meanest of it all is that he did not admit his wrong, when had previously told a friend that he wrote the item too quick.—*Little Rep.*

### A Successful Crop of Winter Wheat.

A Goffstown correspondent writes that in May, 1882, Alnith Smith, a deaf-mute, of Boston, spread a good dressing of manure on two acres of grass land and plowed it in, afterwards planting it to corn, which he harvested in the early part of September. He then cross-plowed the ground and sowed it to winter wheat and herdsgrass. The crop did remarkably well, and last week he threshed out fifty-nine bushels of wheat of the best quality from the two acres sowed. He believes winter wheat to be more profitable than any other grain he can sow, but attributes his unusual success this season to the practice of plowing the manure under in the spring and then cross-plowing in the fall.—*Manchester, (N. H.) Union.*

### Plan to Secure Apportionment.

Editor of The Record.—The old saying, "Action is the soul of oratory," was admirably exemplified in the National Deaf-mute Convention recently held in New York.

The present Legislature of this great State seems to be nothing but a lifeless gathering of golems, and as there is no hope or possibility of securing an apportionment under the present circumstances, I, in behalf of the deaf-mutes of this State, would modestly suggest that Mr. Mackin, whose resolution requesting all the members of the Legislature to resign was coldly rejected by the partisan politicians, again offer a similar resolution, but amend it so that the vacancies caused by the resignations may be filled by an equal number of deaf-mutes, who might speedily and effectually accomplish the object of the present extra session. The latter class would certainly pay stricter attention to business than the present members.

A DEAF REPUBLICAN.

Philadelphia, September 1, 1883. —*Record.*

Mr. C. K. Thomson was at St. Ann's last Sunday.

W. W. Miles, of North Indianapolis, Ind., has gone to St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Sattie Howard, who has been sojourning at Kaatskill Bay for several weeks, is again in New York.

W. H. Blood has left Muskegon, and is now working at his trade as cabinetmaker in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. W. A. Jackson, nee Renodo, of Attleboro, Mass., was seen shopping in Providence, R. I., two weeks ago Saturday.

Miss Katie Miller, of Connecticut, has been visiting friends in Green County, Wis., and has now settled down in Brooklyn, Ia., where she will remain for some time.

Mrs. James Budlong, of Providence, R. I., is suffering from acute rheumatism. Her son will go to New York to get a skilled doctor. Mrs. Comstock is taking care of her.

The mutes of Woonsocket were shocked last Tuesday to hear of the sudden death of the mother of Henry D. Stillman. She was a greatly esteemed lady. We tender our sympathy to him.

Miss Mary McKay, of Riverpoint, R. I., was seen in Providence a short time ago. She was wonderfully pretty in a white dress. She was very anxious about attending the National Convention.

A mute woman, described as pretty, aged 18, sold alphabet cards in Woonsocket last week. At the same time, a deaf-mute man was in Millville, Mass., two miles from that town. It is supposed that they are the notorious Davis and Morse.

Mrs. Whipple Follette arrived home from New York last Thursday evening. John F. Donnelly was the first mute to greet her. The Woonsocket mutes are glad that she had a very pleasant time. She was a guest of Mrs. Roberts.

Those two gentlemen at the corner of the street are not going to knock each other out. Nor is one of them suffering from the effects of eating an unripe apple. They are as gentle as doves, and are simply delegates to the Deaf-Mute Convention talking about the weather.—*Puck, Sept. 5.*

Charles H. Steere conducted the services in Providence, R. I., last Wednesday. Mrs. Follette delivered a hymn. There were fourteen mutes, including Mr. (C. W. Mowry and sister Desire, of Woonsocket. Chairman Kinsman announced that there would be a lecture every Wednesday evening, a friendly meeting on Saturday and a sermon on Sunday.

### His Tooth Pulled by a Locomotive.

A deaf and dumb boy in the employ of George Spiller, selling papers at the depot, Jamaica, Va., was crushed with a severe toothache, and determined to pull out the aching tooth, but all his efforts proved fruitless. As a train dashed into the station a bright idea struck him, and dropping his bundle of papers, he fastened a strong piece of twine to the aching tooth, and walking to the rear of the train, fastened the string to the rail on the rear platform of the rear car. When the train started the boy ran behind it until it got under pretty good headway, and then suddenly stopped. The train shot ahead with the tooth, while the lad clapped his hand to his face, and had a dance on the platform, overjoyed at the result of his experiment.

### Dr. Gallaudet's Romance.

(New York Sun, September 10.)

No truer and nobler philanthropist or more honest and zealous worker for the cause of suffering humanity has ever lived than the late Dr. Gallaudet. He was the pioneer in this country in the establishment of a systematic language for the deaf and dumb, and to him should be awarded the grateful tribute to his memory of a bronze statue of himself to be erected in Washington, and to be exhibited on the Centennial Anniversary of his birth in December, 1887, must give great happiness and satisfaction to the numberless unfortunate who have been, either directly or indirectly, assisted by his far-seeing and far-reaching benevolence. It is a well-known fact among the comparatively few interested that his wife was the first educated deaf-mute in the United States. A touching romance is connected with their early life.

Many years ago, the young philanthropist chanced to meet a lovely girl just budding into womanhood, as good and true and unselfish in all her native as she was beautiful and attractive in person. An atmosphere of sadness and reserve surrounded her for, alas! she could neither speak nor hear. Only her dark eyes were eloquent with unuttered language, and her hands with gestures, original, ingenious and unmistakable. The sad, pathetic look on her sweet young face, and her modest, shrinking mien, which seemed to tell the story of her misfortune, appealed in the most powerful way to the generous nature and the tenderest sensibilities of the young man, and he fell deeply in love with her. Spoken words surely were not needed to tell this mute young girl the nature of her love's feelings toward her, for love has its language and symbols of its own. But, in return, she loved him too well to sacrifice him, and still considered the objection of her infirmity to be an insuperable one. So, without hope of any change in herself, she shook her head mournfully but decidedly when he repeatedly urged the gift of her hand in marriage.

Thus baffled in the most ardent longings of his heart, Dr. Gallaudet, with high resolve, soon set sail for Europe, and while there had himself thoroughly educated in all the mysteries of the sign-language. On his return home, he quickly sought out the now happy and ambitious girl, and began systematically to teach her the alphabet, how to speak and read writ, and the established signs as well. She was an apt scholar, and rapidly mastered the novel perplexities of this new system of education. Her heart was filled with love, devotion and gratitude toward the persistent lover, who, notwithstanding her infirmity, had chosen her before all the world, and would no longer be denied. She finally consented to be his wife, and long before they were married.

Soon after they jointly established the first institution for the education of deaf-mutes in this country. Mrs. Gallaudet long survived her husband, and until her death, a few years ago, was a most genial, interesting and lovable old lady, always ready to converse in her peculiarly graceful and winning manner, and making herself well understood to even the most obtuse.

Their mantle has fallen upon their son, the present Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who, with his noble inheritance of love for his fellows, has never faltered in the difficult path so long trod by his illustrious parents. —*S. B. L.*

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About thirty boys and girls were employed to gather hops for Mr. John A. Tainter, of Georgetown, N. Y.

In the fire which the Houghton Block, Terrell, Tex., was burned this week, the *Sunny Clime*, a paper published by deaf-mutes, sustained a loss of \$1,000.

Mr. Henry Hagner, of Utica, the brother of Mrs. John A. Tainter, of Georgetown, N. Y., bought one hundred acres of land in Florida, and gone to live there.

The hop house of Miss Gertie Morrow's father, at Georgetown, N. Y., was recently destroyed by fire. Mr. Morrow came very near perishing in the flames. They thought their dwelling would be burnt, so they threw out the furniture, bedding, etc., which were badly damaged.

There will be a "best baby" premium at the fair to be held next week in Potadam, N. Y. The first prize is \$50. Mr. J. H. Winslow, a mute of North Stockholm, N. Y., thinks he has the sweetest, cutest, prettiest and best baby that ever blinked in the sunlight, and it is going to win the first prize, so he says, and we hope he will succeed.

Mr. Albert C. Hargrave, of Boston, is still in Creston, Ia. Last week, he visited the State Fair Grounds at Des Moines. There were about 50,000 people there, including seventeen deaf-mutes. He spent one week with Russell Smith, an intelligent deaf-mute printer of Des Moines. Mr. Hargrave, accompanied by a semi-mute lady friend, attended the wedding of a hearing lady last week.

Mrs. Ann Carpenter, of Wolcott, N. Y., has been visiting in Newark, N. Y., nearly two weeks. From there she went to Oak's Corners, N. Y., where another week was very pleasantly spent. Two days were then spent in Rochester, N. Y., as the guest of the principal of the Institution, Mr. Westervelt. She then spent a day at Palmyra, N. Y., with Mrs. S. Works, and while there rode over to Marion with Mr. M. E. Cogswell, and had a nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. Witschief, after a short, though enjoyable sojourn at Long Branch, paid a flying visit to their brother, George H. Witschief, at Hamburg, N. J., on the 7th inst., returning home on the 10th. John and his amiable little wife seemed to thoroughly enjoy the beautiful early-autumn scenes among the highlands of "Old Sussex," and made many warm friends among us. They gave the printers a pleasant call with whom George is learning the trade, and were highly pleased with his rapid advancement. We sincerely hope they may visit us again in the near future.—*Cor.*

Rev. Job Turner's son, Charles, left Stanton, Va., for Austin, Texas, on Monday night September 10th, in a very fine spirit, with strong confidence in God's guiding Providence, but it was a great trial for his father to let him go so far South. Loring left home on the 20th of last month and arrived at Austin safely on the 29th. Charles will use the articulation method, and Loring the combined one at the Texas Deaf and Dumb Institution at Austin, a pretty city. Their father will go to Austin often on his account. He passed through Lynchburg, Va., on the 11th. On his way to New Orleans to hold services, on Sunday, the 16th, according to his promise.

### PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

Mr. John Hill, of Harrisburg, Pa., was in Beaver Falls, Pa., recently.

A deaf and dumb tramp, by the name of Wm. Lommon, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., was in Beaver, Pa., visiting his schoolmate, Geo. B. Kelly, last week. He was a pupil at the Turtle Creek Institution.

Mr. Geo. B. Kelly, a pupil at the Turtle Creek Institution, will go to the College at Washington, D. C., next year. He says he will be admitted into the Freshman Class.

Pat Connolly, of Beaver Falls, Pa., made a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. David Smith, in McClary. He had a delightful time there last week.

Mr. David Smith, of McClary, Pa., says he will build a new stable and house before long. He has a nice place.

It is said that Mr. and Mrs. David Smith, of McClary, Pa., will attend the Fair in Beaver, Pa., next week.

Will "Imperator" come to Beaver to see Mr. David Smith next week? Pat Connolly, of Beaver Falls, Pa., will pay a flying visit to the Turtle Creek Institution next October.

The report that G. B. Kelly was killed by the cars near North Brighton, Pa., is untrue.

Mr. Andrew Hanth, of Rochester, Pa., expects to attend the Beaver Fair next week.

### INFIDEL.

Pet phrases which we hope never to see again in the columns of our esteemed contemporaries: Sickening thud. The happy pair. Wee sma' hours. Speckled beauties. Regardless of expense. Launched into eternity. The immediate vicinity. Disciples of Isaak Walton. The extreme penalty of the law. A revolting spectacle was witnessed. The house was crowded to the doors. A wealthy and public-spirited citizen. The sight was shocking in the extreme. The prepetrators of the dastardly crime are still at large. Devotees of terpsichore tripped the light fantastic toe. The tables groaned under the weight of a bountiful repast.—*Puck.*

Mr. Joaquin Miller says that he sighs for a city where "the cruel civilization of modern empires is unknown," and where there is "rest and quiet and peace to snit the hour of dreams;" a city "hedged in from bustle and feverish rush for gain," a city "placid as a moonlit lake and natural as a maiden's blush," a city where "a poet may seek and find congenial ears and healthful hearts," a city where "ambition slumbers and nature wields the sceptre over all." Mr. Miller is evidently truckling for a pass to Boston.—*Life.*

It is fane to have one's name go down to posterity blown in a glass bottle made for salad dressing.

## FANWOOD.

## The First Week of School.

## A WORD OR TWO TO THE LAGGARDS.

## OPENING JOTS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

School may be said to be fairly under way. All the teachers, excepting Dr. Peet, the Principal, and Prof. Gamage, are in their places, and give indications of health and strength by the vigorous manner in which they resume the duties relinquished in June. The Principal is expected back the fore part of the week, and immediately upon his arrival classification will take place and every thing settle down into its accustomed channel. A little over one-half of the pupils have returned; the remainder—the smart (?) ones—are lingering at home under the mistaken impression that it indicates wisdom to be late. It only makes trouble for the officers of the Institution, as well as proves conclusively that the pupils are far from wise. We would hate to be late at school. We would trudge barefooted from home to the Institute before we would retard the progress of all the scholars by our tardiness. We advise those who are clinging to the paternal mansion to make haste and return ere they be forgotten entirely. The school is anxious to have them return. The school loves them and is solicitous for their welfare, but the school will not bust up if they do not return. It will continue to thrive as ever. The looks of the officers will not turn gray with sorrow if they decide to remain at home for good, but the officers protest against the multiplication of their duties by the laggards. We are anxious for the time to arrive when our pupils will have acquired sufficient wisdom to know enough to return to school promptly. For the present, they are "wise in their own conceit."

Thomas S. Marr, of Tennessee, is one of our new pupils. He attended the Nashville School for five years, and Knoxville Institution five years. He appears to be an intelligent young fellow, and probably will enter the High Class. He proposes to learn printing.

A semi-mute, name I. C. H. Cory, for three years a pupil at the Ohio Institution, is also here. His parents have moved to Saratoga, N. Y. He will enter the High School Class. John Ingebrand, thirteen years old, is our fattest pupil for his age. He weighs 127 pounds.

The vacancy in the clerk department is admirably filled by a Mr. Greenleaf.

Prof. H. D. Reaves has purchased a \$5000 farm adjoining that of Mr. Jas. M. Park, late a Professor in the Columbus School, in Santa Barbara, Cal. He will probably leave here in a couple of months.

James F. Donnelly, of this city, has been on a two weeks' vacation, and spent the afternoon of the last day in the printing office. He was fat and frolicsome.

John H. Dundon, of the National Deaf-Mute College, called on Sunday, and regaled the typos with College jokes.

The Tarrytown Branch has been discontinued, and Misses Rice and Mitchell and Prof. Van Tassel teach at Fanwood.

James F. O'Neil called Sunday. He desires the lady who wanted his address to send her name and address to the JOURNAL, in order that he may communicate with her by letter.

Among the numerous "grads" who scratched gravel here on the 9th, we spotted Messrs. Lang, Hanneman, J. Hayes and Lanahan.

A large number of pupils are anxious to enter the printing office this term.

The baby of Prof. and Mrs. Lloyd had one of its thumbs broken while riding in its carriage one day last week. The Professor has secured a comfortable house near the New Jersey Institution, and expects to move about the middle of this month.

Prof. Currier has been acting Principal since the opening of school.

A special meeting of the New York Gallaudet Club was held last evening. Those teachers and officers who are members were present.

John Lloyd, Jr., who has been working in the printing office throughout vacation, started out for a week or so of loafing last Saturday.



# NEW YORK.

## Preparations by our Deaf-Mute Societies.

### Various Comments.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Before the first of next month all our deaf-mute societies, both literary and social, will be in full swing.

The Manhattan Literary Association, it is said, has already prepared an excellent schedule of lectures and debates for the coming season. The best deaf-mute "talent" has been secured, and neither trouble or expense will be spared to make these entertainments first-class in every respect. It is said that this Society has decided to hold a masquerade ball during the season. It is also said that a Committee has already been appointed to look up a good place. If such is the fact, a right good jolly time may be looked forward to and success may be assured, as everything the Manhattan Literary Association undertakes always succeeds. There's no such words as "fale."

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union opened last Wednesday. Their room has been undergoing alterations and has been made smaller, and presents a more cozy appearance. The carpenters had not completed their work by last Wednesday and so every thing was covered with dust, which gave the otherwise cheerful room a rather fossil appearance. The new officers took their places. There was a hitch as to the propriety of the election of W. Pownall as Cor. Secretary. There is an article in the by-laws which proves that "no members holding an office in another deaf-mute Society, can hold any office in the Catholic Literary Benevolent Union." Mr. Pownall is the treasurer of the Guild. The matter was tabled till the next meeting, when it will come up under the head of unfinished business.

Mr. J. F. Donnelly moved that the secretary should thank the Pastime Athletic Club, in the name of the Society, for services rendered during the picnic. Passed.

Two new applications for membership were received. They were tabled till the next meeting.

During the meeting, Mr. Washington Houston, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mr. James Moynan, of Baltimore, Md., who were present, made a few remarks. The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of the picnic said he would give a full report of the affair at the next regular meeting in October.

The Twilight Union, which for the past years has been the leading social Society (deaf-mute) hereabouts, will soon have to take second place. The Gallaudet Club has come to the front and there is very little prospect of it ever being made to take a back seat. Its members are all gentlemen and behave as gentlemen should. They don't haul religion or any other such thing into their society as the Twilight Union or some of its members do. All is "peace and harmony." [The Gallaudet Club is not merely a social organization, its prime object being to commemorate the labors of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in behalf of the deaf and dumb, by celebrating the anniversary of his birth with an annual dinner. Its other objects are to promote the social advantages and assist in elevating the social status of the deaf and dumb.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

The Twilight Union seems to be on its last legs. It has grown prematurely old. Its corner-stone was "no Hebrews admitted here,"—at least it was the corner-stone of some of the persons connected therewith. Most of the members have become disgusted with the snobbishness of some of these members, and resignations may be looked for by the wholesale at the next meeting, September 29th. Many of those intending to resign will probably join the Gallaudet Club.

There seem to be a screw loose somewhere in the management of the Catholic Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Fordham, which needs official investigation. For the past two or three years we have heard frequent complaints of the wholesale expulsion from this Institution. Pupils are expelled for the most trivial causes. This should not be. We know of two such cases. Both are boys not over 17 years of age. When they were expelled, their parents could get no satisfactory explanation as to the cause of their expulsion. These two boys have become street loafers; they are a disgrace to our class, and one of them, James Dunn, is constantly in prison for drunkenness or some other offense, and is now styled a "rounder" by the Brooklyn police. If such boys are beyond the discipline of the persons in charge of the Institution at Fordham, they should be transferred to some other Institution where they can be taken care of—not be turned adrift. In most cases of this kind, the parents of such pupils are poor, hard working people, who have no time to spare on their offspring, and either can not or do not want to gain him or her admission to another Institution. The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union are indignant at this, and will demand an official investigation, if such carryings on continue.

Miss Effie A. Hitchcock and Miss Maggie T. Connelly left for home on the St. Louis express last Thursday at 6 p.m. The former "little" lady goes to Flint, Mich. The latter to Windsor, Ont.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union are contemplating holding

a banquet on the birthday of the Abbe de l'Épée, on which occasion the portrait of the Abbe, presented by J. F. J. Tresch, will be formally presented to the Union. A committee will be selected at the next meeting to see if such a thing is feasible.

Services were held last Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m., in St. Francis Xavier's College by the Rev. Father Freeman. These services will be held every Sunday hereafter. About twenty-five mutes were present at last Sunday's services. X.

### KENDALL GREEN.

We suppose many of the numerous readers of the JOURNAL have found relief after glancing over several past issues and found that our old, uninteresting and long-winded letter had not made its appearance. But we are at the front again with one probably worse than any of the former. It seems that every thing is quite dull in many sections at present, and so it is here. Well, here are a few rakings which are probably not very interesting.

Mr. Lucas, the gardener, with his corps of assistants, has been beautifying the grounds, thereby providing for the eye of the weary sight-seeing persons who return. The grounds are in perfect order, the walks neat and clean, while the buildings also lend enchantment to the view. The flowers, too, are in bloom, as when we left them in June, and every thing looks neat and charming.

The cottages are nearing completion. One of them is almost finished while the other is not far in the rear. They are of very handsome design, and reflect great credit upon Mr. Bryant and the other gentlemen who are superintending their erection.

Almost every thing has been completed about the interior of the buildings. Several noticeable changes and improvements have been made, especially at the Institution (Primary Department). Every thing has been provided for the comfort of the students and others. Letters are coming from all parts in regard to students. All seem to be ready to resume their studies, also to take up the bat to assist in trying to raise the Kendall score, or to begin with gymnasium work.

Applications are not very numerous, but are said to be about the same as usual.

The Primary Department will gain a great many new scholars. All of the members of the advanced class of last session contemplate entering the Introductory Class of the College.

All say that they will return; if so, there probably will be as many "Ducks" as Freshmen and Sophs combined.

### PERSONAL.

Mr. Theo. A. Kiesel has returned from Virginia, where he had been spending his vacation, and after stopping at Kendall Green awhile, departed for Delaware to spend a couple of weeks at home and among friends.

President Gallaudet and Prof. Chickering were among those in attendance at the Convention of Scientists held at Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Ballard has returned from Baltimore, where he has been spending several weeks. He looks as if he had enjoyed himself.

Mr. Wright returned about three weeks ago, looking hale and hearty.

Miss Margaret Allen, assistant matron, returned some time ago.

Mr. A. D. Bryant is recreating and sketching up in New England.

Prof. Draper and family are expected to return early this week.

We learn that—

Mr. James L. Smith, late of the graduating class of the College, has been tendered and accepted a position as teacher at the Wisconsin Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Mr. S. has many friends who will be glad to learn of it, and wish him the success that he so well deserves.

John A. Starks, whose death occurred a few weeks ago at his home in Norfolk, Va., and mentioned in a late issue of the JOURNAL, was a member of the advanced class of the Institution several years ago. He was a very delicate young man while in Washington, and we think he left school on that account.

Mr. Eddie L. Chapin, now a teacher in the West Virginia Institution, has been stopping a few days with relatives in Alexandria, Va.

The Star, of Saturday, contains the following in regard to the proceedings of the New York Convention:

"ANOTHER STATUE PROPOSED AT WASHINGTON.

"At the Thursday session of the National Deaf-Mute Convention in New York City, resolutions were passed to erect a bronze statue of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of deaf-mute education in America, on the grounds of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington City, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the birth of that noble philanthropist, on December 10th, 1887, and a Committee of Fifteen was appointed for the purpose. The next Convention will be held in this city in August, 1888."

We read with pleasure the account of the Convention in the JOURNAL and other New York papers. We regret that this section was not better represented, and congratulate the Convention for choosing Washington as the next place of meeting.

### DOTS.

Work on the large sewer in progress of erection, near Kendall Green, seems to have held up for a while.

Seventh Street (an approach to Kendall Green) has been visited by

a street-cleaning gang, and has been put in very good order.

There will be another Potomac Regatta on the 26th inst.

A new military organization is being raised, and it predicts to eclipse any other organization raised in this section since the war. They will be called by the name of "Continental." Their uniforms will be of the same design as the Original Continentals. Already about three hundred and fifty names have been unrolled.

When our scribe was upon a pleasure trip down to Norfolk, he came across an uneducated deaf-mute colored (?) man, whose is known to every one as "Dummy," but his right name is said to be Charles Hall. He is about thirty years of age. He is of a very respectable family so we were told, and is well known to most every one. The poor fellow converses by ordinary signs, he tries to talk, but has not the power to articulate so that he can be understood. He is very industrious and very smart in many respects. His employers say that he is the best workman that they have ever had, he has had the present situation since the establishment opened, which is six or seven years. In speaking to him, he seems to have an excellent knowledge of general things.

We think this will be the last of our "windy" correspondence. We have tried to rake up a few items every now and then, as we were requested, and hope to have accomplished it. With best wishes for the future success of the JOURNAL in behalf of the deaf, and hope that our communications have been read by at least a few of the JOURNAL's numerous readers, we now hand over our "No 1 Faber" with the thin paper to one who is more worthy of it and who will give all the details.

B.

Monday, Sept. 3, '83.

### DENVER ITEMS.

Mr. Henry Bards has been enjoying a splendid trip ever since he left Cincinnati, O., on the 18th of July.

The "Currier" met Prof. Downing at Union Depot last Wednesday evening. He has gone to Iowa. We wish him success.

Mr. Lewis Huff is a successful printer, having worked at that trade fourteen years. He is doing finely.

John Simmons has skipped. Miss Kate Oddell has gone to Colorado Springs to work in the deaf-mute Institution.

Once I went into a cigar store to buy some cigars. Mr. H. H. Tamm asked me where R. D. Livingston was and if he was yet in Connecticut. He said that Mr. Livingston owed him over \$125, and also has other debts. It made me feel ashamed.

Prof. S. T. Walker and family recently arrived at Colorado Springs from Illinois. He has been appointed as principal teacher, and is a fine looking gentleman.

Mr. Frank Chaney, of Colorado Springs, will soon come here to spend a few days with his brother.

The "Currier" will start for Kansas City at 7:30 p.m., next Friday.

"Boss" Kelly is trying to get work for the deaf-mute Institution.

Our deaf-mute school will re-open on the 12th of this month.

A CURRIER.

### FROM BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is with much pleasure that we learn Mr. and Mrs. Staffinger are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter weighing ten pounds. We congratulate them.

Messrs. Taylor J. Gotsinger and Clarence Webster wish to express their gratitude to Mr. Thomas Holland, of New York City, for the kindness shown them during their stay in Brooklyn. Well, Thomas, we will accompany you around our Queen City, and also to Niagara Falls, whenever you choose to come here.

Last month, Mr. George Fisher, of Dunkirk, N. Y., while on an excursion to Tonawanda, N. Y., to see the picnic of the G. A. R., stopped at Buffalo for the morning, and was the guest of Supervisor Charles W. Stowell, of the New York Institution. They called on Messrs. J. B. Herman and C. E. Webster. The latter two were much surprised to see how Geo. had developed since they left Fanwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Girardin took their departure for Croghan, N. Y., on the 6th, where they will remain for one month, for the benefit of Mr. G.'s health, as he has been in trouble with his lungs for a long time.

Mr. Richard Herriek is now in this city hunting for a job, and called on J. B. Herman, his classmate. We hope that Richard will succeed in securing a job soon.

Mr. Taylor J. Gotsinger went to Niagara Falls to see the "Maid of the Mist" pass through the rapids on the 6th inst., and had a clear sight of her, because he had with him his opera glass. John B. Herman would have accompanied him there, but could not leave his work for the afternoon, as there were many orders which have to be filled before inventory time, and they will get ready for the spring trade in November, or earlier, should Mr. Detitsch, the boss, come back from Europe. John has a steady job. He expects to go to the country this fall for the first time in three years.

Mr. Joseph Schlageter has returned from Detroit, where he has been the guest of W. Briel for six weeks. He is looking well and hearty.

Mrs. Ward (nee Seaver) is summering here for one month. She is the guest of Mrs. Julia Kowald.

September 5, '83. AMINTUS.

# WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

## A Surprise Party.

### A STRING OF PERSONALS.

By request of an urgent friend, "Imperator" has again resolved to make up what is left in the "green" field a bundle of notes having already been gathered, thus probably proving interesting to your dear readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

On Tuesday evening, September 4th, a surprise party was tendered Miss Lizzie Montgomery, which took place at her residence on Crawford street, Pittsburgh. About twenty silent persons (though they still enjoy single blessedness), vorbially invited, were present on this occasion. Social conversation and various games familiar to those present, were freely participated in through the night, which did not fail to please all greatly. An elegant collation at 10 o'clock, p.m., was partaken of, and after ample justice was done to the inner man, the games were then again played with unabated merriment until the "wee sma" hours warned us it was time to disperse for "home, sweet home," although we were loth to leave. Every thing passed off without the least unpleasantness, and every body present vowed that they enjoyed a "jumbo" time. Among those who graced the occasion with their presence, were Misses Pfeifer, Maul, Scherger, Hitchcock, George, Schumann, Morian, Sheering, Green, and a few hearing lady friends, and Messrs. Teegarden, McMaster, Hederick, Humphrey, Roberts, Langhaus, your humble servant and three hearing gentlemen.

The numerous deaf-mutes will, without doubt, be not a little surprised to see through these columns that Jim McAgee, of the "Quaker City" has lately been married to Miss Katie Pfleger, of the "Smoky City." The marriage ceremony, which took place in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association on Sixth and Wood streets (in which meetings are held every Thursday evening), was performed by Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, which was interpreted to those who are deaf and dumb by Miss Sarah Woodside in the sign-language. It was a joyful party of silence that witnessed the occasion. The happy pair have taken up their future abode in that famous city. Mr. McAgee is steady at work in one of the rolling mills, and gets good wages. He was educated at Philadelphia and his wife at Turtle Creek.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

"Bob" Ward is again in town visiting his brother. He will remain until next Tuesday, when he returns to his duties.

Prof. James Balis returned from his vacation in Wisconsin last week.

James Campbell, our Irvinite, left for school Thursday.

The indications are that a "Moonlight" Picnic will be held at Mr. Woodside's orchard, next Saturday evening, September 15th, in Wilkesburg. A cordial invitation is extended to one and all, and a grand time is anticipated.

Mrs. Archie Woodside has, for some time past, been dangerously sick, although she is now so far convalescent as to be able to attend to her domestic duties, much to the delight of her numerous friends. We are in high hopes that she will be enabled to attend a "Moonlight" picnic as soon as her health has been recovered.

Messrs. Nieman, Langhaus and your correspondent proposed making a trip to Youngstown, O., to witness the County Fair, but were forced by circumstances to give it up.

The school term at the Western Pennsylvania Institution commenced on the first Wednesday of this month with a full attendance of pupils and teachers.

John Long, who left school last June, has been appointed supervisor of the boys, and is on duty.

"Daisy" is again attending to her studies, but says she thinks that she will graduate next year. "Imperator" wishes her success in the pursuit of her studies.

It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, of "Oyster City," are by this time in East Liberty, the guests of their daughter, Mrs. William Drum.

Mrs. John D. Widaman, of Indiana, accompanied by her two children, is expected here next Thursday. "Imperator" will be greatly delighted to see them again, after an absence of two years.

Miss Annie Pfeifer, of Allegheny City, one of the leading belles, resigned her position in the Pittsburgh cork factory, and accepted a better place as a coffee packer in the establishment of Dillworth & Bro. She says she likes the place very much.

Clement Parham, of Reading, "did" Pittsburgh, and sought for employment, but returned home much disappointed when he could not find any thing.

Miss Hattie Showalter, a sister of Mrs. Archie Woodside, is visiting here, and remains until next Saturday. She can spell on her fingers well, like a mute.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McClurg gave a grand tea party at their cosy residence, some time ago. Among those invited, were Prof. James Logan, Messrs. McMaster, Donaldson, McKinney, and Misses Scherger, George and Fogle, of Ohio. We un-

derstand that the time was passed pleasantly.

According to the daily papers, Robert Barr, with whom the students of the National College are acquainted, is doing remarkably well, and pitches in fine form since he joined our famous Allegheny Sluggers. The possibilities are that he will be retained for next season.

We are glad, indeed, that the ever-jolly Josiah Misher is again the latest addition to our silent community. Josiah is, for the present, working in the Braddock Steel Works, and sticks to his job like cement.

"Imperator" is waiting with patience for a reply from "Liberty."

We heartily congratulate Editor Hodgson on his success in having been elected President of the National Deaf-Mute Convention. We hope President Hodgson will make as good an officer as Ex-President McGregor.

Miss Ida Roup, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution corps of instructors, returned from Atlantic City, much improved in health by the sea breezes.

Miss Lottie Kirkland, teacher of the Articulation Class, arrived from the Empire State, and reports having had a most delightful vacation.

### IMPERATOR.

### The Hoosier Capital.

News is so scarce that we have been unable to come up with our usual full column for the past month, but we have at present picked up what we hope may be of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL.

Five changes were made among the officers of the Indiana Institution at the Trustees' meeting on the 8th of August. Mr. C. B. Howland, who has held the office of Steward nearly fifteen years, was released, much to the regret of those who have been connected with the Institute.

The encampment at Indianapolis was a grand success. It brought with it about two hundred thousand people from neighboring cities, including a number of deaf-mutes. The greater number of prizes were awarded to Indianapolis companies. Section B, Indianapolis Light Artillery, won the artillery prize; Indianapolis Light Infantry, the Infantry prize; the Richardson Zouaves (an Indianapolis company), the Zouave prize; the Louisville Light Artillery won the free-for-all Artillery prize; and the Indianapolis Light Infantry, the free-for-all Infantry prize.

On Wednesday evening, there was a grand Industrial parade by all the principal business houses. The length of the line of the pageant is thought to have been two miles, and it took over two hours for the entire length to pass a given point.

On Friday, there was a sham battle, on which occasion 1,400 soldiers took part, and over 40,000 people were spectators. Many deaf-mutes went out to see the battle, and it seemed a real and terrible spectacle.

Friday closed the encampment, and many have expressed a wish that events like this would come once a year, like Christmas and Thanksgiving.

Mr. August Jutt, a teacher at the Indianapolis School, was around town for a week. He left, on August 18th, for Chicago, to be absent three weeks. Messrs C. Daly, M. V. Collins, Reuben Girard, John Dewester and many other mutes, were around to see their friends and the encampment.

The last business meeting of the season of the Indianapolis Literary Society was held on August 18th. New members were admitted, and the election of new officers took place. The choice of President fell on Mr. Reuben Girard; that of Vice-President, on Mr. John Cavanaugh; the Secretary is Mr. C. E. Steinwenter; the Treasurer, Mr. John Johannes, and the critic, Mr. T. R. Michael.

There have been two literary meetings. The first, held on the 16th ult., consisted of a recitation, by Mr. John Johannes, and a declamation, by Mr. T. R. Michael, on Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." The second, held on the 30th ult., consisted of two essays—one by Mr. C. E. Steinwenter, on "A Day's Journey;" the other by Mr. C. O. Dantzer, on a "Comparison between Payne and Irving." Both essays were somewhat lengthy, and brought on applause.

Mr. Reuben Girard, the President of our Society, found a situation up town, and has determined to make Indianapolis his home.

Mr. George Parker, a well known deaf-mute, is around town for a few weeks' vacation from toil.

Mrs. S. J. Vail was elected Superintendent of our Sunday School; Miss Cora Coe, Secretary, and Mr. Kingsbury, Treasurer.

The following is a clipping from the Saturday Herald, of the 25th of August:

### AN OUTRAGE ON THE DEAF AND DUMB.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, all the attaches of the Institution were removed except the teachers and the Superintendent. There was no occasion for vacancies. They were treated to make room for spoil hunters. The removals were made without cause. It has not been asserted that these persons were either dishonest or incapable. The sale of the offices had been made. They were made vacant and delivered. That of itself is shameful enough to damn the Board, but that is not the crowning outrage committed on the Institution in this mad raid for official plunder. This is worse! Not one of the new appointees can speak the sign-language of the Asylum. Just think of it! Neither the matron, the steward, the men who have charge of the shop, nor any of the new officers can communicate with the students in the only language which they understand. Truly may this new crew of officials be said to be deaf and dumb to all that might be expected of them. The sign-language is as dead to them as Greek and Latin.

What an outrage it is on the public, the Institution, and particularly on the deaf and dumb pupils, to install these unprepared officials in these places for which they are not fitted. We say nothing against the new appointees as individuals, but we do charge that as officials in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum they are incompetent, and ought to be removed. They are a flagrant offense to the State, and to the Asylum, inflicting every day they remain in charge. They are officially incompetent. The Board at its last meeting inflicted such a blow upon the Asylum by removal and appointments, that competent persons doubt if the Institution can be properly reorganized in September. The rape of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was complete and outrageous.

It is but proper here to say that Dr. James, one of the Trustees, had some conception of the wrong inflicted upon the State, and the direct injury given the Institution. He has, in the Sentinel, publicly denounced the action of the Board in making the removals and filling the places with unprepared and inexperienced people. The majority of the Board have committed a great injustice against the deaf and dumb. Seeing the wrong that they have done, they ought to have the courage to retract their steps and correct their errors. For their own honor, for the credit of the State and for the good of the deaf and dumb, they should rescind the removal and appointing acts of the last meeting. The outrage ought to be wiped out, and speedily. But, will it? Is there enough moral courage in the Board to correct an error and do the right? We hope so, and shall see.

C. O. D.

INDIANAPOLIS, 9-3-'83.

### From "Phixy" and "Little Dude."

NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY ITEMS.

The Convention and the Picnic of the Catholic Literary Union are both over, so, what next? Oh, the Levee; but that won't be until the sleigh bells are ringing.

The picnic, we are told, was a success in every respect, and also that the games were run on the square. The medals were of pure gold and silver.

New York City is being robbed of its mute fair sex, who are returning to school one by one and two by two, and their mothers and friends are willing to wait until the June flowers are in bloom before they take them home again.

As the Trenton School does not open until October, the pupils who are to be admitted are waiting for the time to arrive. See who is the first pupil there, just as Mr. Cole was when the New York Institution opened at the City Hall.

We are surprised to learn that Mr. Rowland B. Lloyd is to be a teacher in the New Jersey School, also that Miss Annie Bryan has been appointed clerk. We understand that Mr. Peter B. Gulick only wanted a school started in New Jersey and did not desire office.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap have returned, and look hale and hearty after their visit into the country.

Mr. McClellan, of New Jersey, intends to removed to New York City in a short time.

Little Ed. Gundersoff, while playing in the street one day last week, had a narrow escape from being run over. The driver cried for him to get out of the way several times, but seeing that Ed. was still there, he lost his temper and ran his horse against the "boss of the road," and hurt him badly. However, he is better now.

Several deaf-mutes were at the Erie depot on Thursday morning last, and saw the pupils who were on their way to the New York Institution.

Your correspondent ("Little Dude") came near being talked to death Sunday last, while loafing around 18th street. The "sailor," Mr. Eltrich, occupied his attention till he thought there was a better sermon inside the church.

Mr. J. F. Donnelly, who has kept his place in Brown & Wood's, where he has been for more than a year, has now left, although he says he has received letters from them calling him back. Will not Mr. Donnelly take a little advice and keep the old place, as it is a good one, and to go from place to place is a bad idea.

J. Leonard has lost his situation as shoe laster. Cause—attended the picnic with out leave of absence from his foreman.

Will the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union appoint a better committee than one of those at the late picnic. Only two boys, who were innocent of dancing together which is forbidden, were met by one of the committee and told in such a manner that would make a lady faint, to quit or leave the yard, and other harsh words. Blushing amidst the crowd, they obeyed, yet wondered what the President would say if they reported the conduct of that committeeman to him.

William Ennis, who graduated from the New York Institution last June, has got employment in one of the large printing establishments down town, and he feels satisfied with his situation, as the wages are good and high, and he may not leave there for a long time. How the pupils at Fanwood will miss him! Will he not honor them with frequent visits?

The father of A. Capelli arrived from Colorado, after stopping for several days in St. Louis, Monday of last week.

Anges Craig and Daisy Hollister received a visit from one of the teachers from the New York Institution, last week.

T. I. Lounsbury was working for a week with William Ennis in this city, but left Saturday last to go to school. A. Capelli was also working with them, and he leaves work Friday.

Where is the "Harlem Dude" and the "Albany Dude," and the others? It is time for them to wake up from their slumbers. The frost is coming and they will catch cold if they don't wake up and exercise themselves with pen and ink or a lead pencil.

Frank A. Wood is now learning cigar making.

We return to school soon.

PHIXY AND LITTLE DUDE.

September 10, 1883.

### The Guild.

A meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held on Tuesday, September 25th, in the Sunday School of St. Ann's Church, 18th St. and Fifth Avenue, at eight o'clock. This is for the Deaf and Dumb Asylum they are incompetent, and ought to be removed. They are a flagrant offense to the State, and to the Asylum, inflicting every day they remain in charge. They are officially incompetent. The Board at its last meeting inflicted such a blow upon the Asylum by removal and appointments, that competent persons doubt if the Institution can be properly reorganized in September. The rape of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was complete and outrageous.

It is but proper here to say that Dr. James, one of the Trustees, had some conception of the wrong inflicted upon the State, and the direct injury given the Institution. He has, in the Sentinel, publicly denounced the action of the Board in making the removals and filling the places with unprepared and inexperienced people. The majority of the Board have committed a great injustice against the deaf and dumb. Seeing the wrong that they have done, they ought to have the courage to retract their steps and correct their errors. For their own honor, for the credit of the State and for the good of the deaf and dumb, they should rescind the removal and appointing acts of the last meeting. The outrage ought to be wiped out, and speedily. But, will it? Is there enough moral courage in the Board to correct an error and do the right? We hope so, and shall see.

C. O. D.

INDIANAPOLIS, 9-3-'83.

# OCEAN GROVE.

## Homeward Bound.

### CLOSING NOTES.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The season is now practically over, and unless a warm spell comes again, your "Cor" will leave on the 5th, and begin his "about town" letters from New York again. The season, just closed, has been a prosperous one for everybody. Boarding houses have made money, and even we "news-paper-filers" can't complain. The tents are being taken down, and that is an infallible sign of the "end."



#### From Iowa.

Joseph Mosnat, now of Iowa City, contemplates going into poultry business somewhere in this State. He brought many dozens of tablets, (perhaps a car load) at the wholesale price in Des Moines, and sold them for nothing. Messrs. Middleton and Hummer and "Marcus" each got a dozen.

D. A. Dewey has been at the threshing business in the country since last month. He gets \$1.50 a day.

J. C. Hummer, President of the Iowa Mute Association, called the Committee (which is uncon) to meet in Des Moines, during the fair week, to discuss about the welfare of mutes in general.

Messrs. Middleton and Nelson thought it is not necessary to come till the winter, when the Legislature will be in session. Russell Smith (also a committee man) thinks it is very wise to call the Committee on account of the reduced fares. Of course, he is not wrong, but we can get reduced fares next winter as well as we do now. There is a great deal of enthusiasm over the proposal to establish another Institution in eastern Iowa. The subject is one worthy of discussion. It is not a settled fact that another school is needed, unless the school at Council Bluffs is overcrowded.

Supt. Gillette, of the Illinois School, was in Iowa City on business again. He recently purchased twelve heads of graded Holsteins from Carey R. Smith, a well-known stock man in this county. He took them to the Illinois School.

A few weeks ago, J. J. Middleton got into a fight with a fellow work man. The latter first struck Jake on the head with a piece of board, inflicting an ugly gash. Not satisfied with this, he picked up a large stone, with intent of killing him by throwing it at him, but Jake's wife prevented him from doing so. The doctors were then telephoned to come up. The wound was sewed up and dressed. When their employer returned home from a trip to West Liberty, he was informed how the fight was begun. He immediately ordered the villain off the place. Now he is in Minnesota.

Mr. A. Hargrave, late of Boston, now of Creston, Ia., will be in Des Moines during the fair week.

MARCUS.

9-2-'83.

#### Wakarusa, Ind.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—This is my first attempt to write a communication for your valuable paper, which is always a welcome and looked for visitor.

There are quite a number of deaf-mutes in this county. On last Sunday, a number called on Jos. B. Bixler, and enjoyed a very pleasant and social time together. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. John Berryman, of Goshen, Ind., who are a very entertaining sociable couple. They have three children, all of whom can hear and speak; they also can talk with their parents in the sign-language.

Miss Sarah O. Neff and her brother, Charles, from Bristol, Ind., were also there. Miss Neff is a graduate of the Indiana Institution and a very charming and pleasant lady. Her brother intends to return to the Institution on the 19th inst., to complete his course of study.

Among others present, we noticed Wm. Berryman, E. P. Cripe, of Goshen, Ind., Joseph F. Hochstetler, of Middlebury, Ind., Amos Shaum, of Wakarusa, Ind., and Miss Flora Girl, of Elkhart, Ind.

After the most pleasant day, all returned to their homes well pleased with their call.

Miss Sarah O. Neff and brother intend to call on Miss Chloé Brothers, of New Paris, Ind., and spend the night, after which they will return home to Bristol, Ind. Miss Brothers is also a graduate of the Institution and a classmate of Miss Neff.

Respectfully

9-3-'83.

J. B. B.

#### From Western New York.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your interesting paper reaches me promptly every week, and thinking perhaps an item from these parts will not be altogether uninteresting, I will fulfill my promise of writing to the JOURNAL.

Of the many pleasant events among the deaf-mutes during the vacation, which is so rapidly drawing to a close, was a visit of a week in Syracuse at the cozy home of Mr. and Mrs. Nye Brown, nee Miss Annie E. Lewis, both former pupils of the New York Institution.

We enjoyed many drives through the pleasant streets and surrounding country together, with picnics and pleasant tele-a-tele with many mute friends.

A small party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Nye Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Brown and Miss Frankie C. Hawkins, had a moonlight drive to the village of Clay, 12 miles distant south of Syracuse, the long pleasant ride sharpened our appetite, and the good supper that awaited us at a late hour is one of the many pleasant things to be remembered. If you consider this worthy of note, place it your items as from

LAKESIDE.

#### NOTICE.

Services will be held every Sunday in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 W. 16th St., for Catholic deaf-mutes. Rev. Father Freeman will officiate. All are welcome.

#### TRUTH.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my old carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he would not stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled. "Don't mind, mother, I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you wouldn't think anything else?"

"No, only I thought I'd keep it to myself, if I can. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he had expected to get a situation. He walked and inquired till he felt almost discouraged, till one day something seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record of carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight of a new employer ever hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man good-naturedly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults, and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said James, earnestly.

"Well, I always think well a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—Good morning uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James, turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"O, ho!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you will find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the young man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"O, mother," said James, going home after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right as you always are. It was telling the truth had got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that was not exactly so?"

"The truth is always the best," said his mother, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."—*The Standard.*

#### The Difference in Boys.

"Yes, there's a heap o' difference in boys," replied the old man, as he tied up a bag of oats. "There's my son, for instance. Everybody beats him in a horse trade, swindles him on a watch dicker and leaves him out in the cold when he farms on sheers. He's good hearted, but there's no business about him. If I had to depend upon John, I'd die in the poorhouse."

He wrestled the bag aside, seized another and continued:

"And there was my son Philip—keen as a razor, eyes wide open and so sharp that no man in New Jersey dare offer him a pair of old boots for a \$300 horse for fear of being cheated."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he's gone, and that was the sharpest trick of all. He found he'd got consumption, and what did he do but hunt up a life insurance agent, take out a \$5,000 policy, give his note for the premium, and come home and fall off a load of hay and run a pitchfork clear thro' him. Some sons would have hung on and doctored around and wanted currant jelly and chicken soup for eighteen months; but that wasn't Phil. No, sir. He didn't even ask for anything better'n a \$20 tombstone, and he said I needn't git that unless the marble cutter would trade even up for a blind calf."

—*Boston Herald.*

#### Smoking Cigarettes.

In one of the schools of Brooklyn, a boy, thirteen years old, naturally very quick and bright, was found to be growing dull and fitful. His face was pale, and he had nervous twitches. He was obliged to quit school. Inquiry showed that he had become a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. When asked why he did not give it up, he shed tears, and said that he had often tried, but could not. The growth of this habit is insidious, and its effects ruinous. The eyes, the brain, the nervous system, the memory, the power of application, are all impaired by it. "It's nothing but a cigarette," is really "It is nothing but poison." German and French physicians have recently protested against it; and a convention of Sunday and secular teachers was recently held in England

to check it. It was presided over by an eminent surgeon of a Royal Eye Infirmary, who stated that many diseases of the eye were directly caused by it. Parents, save your children from this vice if possible. Do not allow them to deceive you. In future years they will rise up and bless you for restraining them.

It is now known that old cast-away cigar stumps are used in the manufacture of cigarettes. Boys are employed to gather them from hotels, bar-rooms, sidewalks—from wherever they are thrown. Collectors buy them of the boys, and send them to the manufacturing factories by the barrel. No matter how disgusting the spot whence they are picked—whether from the spittoon with its dangerous saliva, or the gutter with its filth—the foul refuse finds its way into the mouth and nostrils of the cigarette-smoker.

Many a smoker throws away the stump of his cigar, because he does not like the flavor of it. He does not know why the flavor is unpleasant to him, but it is caused by nicotine—the active principle of tobacco, and a violent poison. This accumulates in the base of the cigar with every draft of the smoke, and the man, noticing the unpleasant flavor, throws the stump away. This reservoir of nicotine finds its way into the cigarette, and the person who smokes it gets in a condensed form the poison which so often works mischief on the brain of habitual smokers.

Again, these cigar stumps—or any tobacco, for that matter, that is made into cigarettes—is wrapped with paper, which contains a very large percentage of arsenic or other deadly poisons, the powers of which exert a deleterious effect upon the tonsils—in fact, the whole throat—of all who use them; indeed, it has been found impossible to cure catarrh in inveterate cigarette-smokers.

But even this is not the worst of it. These cigar stumps have been in the mouths of all sorts of men—drunkards, fast young men, rotten old rones, whose very kiss, or touch, or even the pencil they have held in their mouths, might communicate the foulest and most fearful disease that comes to a human being.

#### COAL, STEAM AND IRON.

These are the grand giant powers which have created the vast system of railways. But this is only one of their herculean works. Miss Martineau, on seeing the pyramids of Egypt, expressed regret that the art by which their immense stones were elevated was lost. This called out an article from a scientific engineer, stating that he, or any other engineer of the present day, would readily undertake the erection of a pyramid equal to the largest in Egypt. The facts which follow will show that this is no idle boast. According to ancient authors, from 100,000 to 300,000 men were engaged for twenty years on the great pyramid; the sum of whose united labor has been estimated to be equal to raising 15,750,000 cubic feet of stone one foot high. This, M. Dupin estimates, could be done by steam-engines of England alone in the short space of eighteen hours. In the construction of the Southern Branch of the London and North Western Railway, nearly double of this amount of work was actually done by 20,000 men in less than five years. This branch of the road is 112 miles long, and the earth removed in constructing it would make a path around the world a foot high and a yard broad; and its cost in English pennies would make a copper edge or curb for it throughout.

#### Setting a Broken Neck.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia Times from Reading, says:—"One of the most remarkable cases on record came to light yesterday in Dover township. Edward Swartz, of that place, was out in the woodland during a severe storm, and could find no shelter except under the large trees. He was standing close to a large oak tree, and when the storm was at its height a large limb was suddenly wrenched off a tree near by and fell across Mr. Swartz's neck, dislocating it. He was removed to his home, and physicians were summoned, who made an examination of his injuries. They were satisfied that he could not live in that condition, and the only hope for him was to have his neck set. The operation was a critical one. All present expressed their belief that the man might die under the operation, and that die he must if left in his present condition. Dr. Wiest, of New York, and Gross, of Dover, informed the unfortunate man of the dangerous condition he was in, and when asked if he was willing, he at once requested to have the critical operation performed. The family of the unfortunate man were summoned to his bedside, and he bade them good bye, expecting that he would not survive the operation. The parting scene with the family was an affecting one, and not soon to be forgotten by those present. Meanwhile Mr. Swartz was perfectly conscious, and talked freely. He replied to the physicians, when questioned about the critical nature of the operation, that he was in their hands and in the hand of God, and that they should do the best they could for him."

Dr. J. W. Kerr, Hay, Long, Smyser, Bacon, Myers and Charles Elsenhart were present during the operation. A thorough examination was made; and it was found that the fourth joint of the neck had been fractured. Rev. J. C. Deming was also called in. He held religious services in the room, committing the un-

fortunate man into the hands of the hands of the all-wise father, and asking the blessing of God upon the work to be done and praying for a successful result of the operation. Dr. Hay took hold of the patient's head and Dr. Weist and Long worked at the neck and shoulders and the fracture was successfully reduced. The patient said at once that he felt relieved and that he had more feeling in his body, which had been completely paralyzed. At this time the doctors cannot say what the result of the operation will be. If the spinal cord was not injured, the patient, it is thought, may recover. The physicians say he is doing as well as could be expected, and that they have strong hopes of his recovery. The case attracts considerable attention among the medical fraternity, owing to the singular and critical nature of the injuries."

#### HAROLD AND ETHELYN.

"It can never be." Ethlyn McNulty's voice was husky with pie as she spoke these words, and in the luminous depths of the soft brown eyes that had watched so many men and made their lives a wreck—men who otherwise would have been good, honorable citizens, a credit alike to themselves and to the tailors who trusted them—there was a wistful, pleading if you knew—of tight-my-shoes-were-you-would-go-on-a-street-car look that Harold Never-sink, man of the world though he was, had never seen there before.

They were standing in a little dell, these two—a spot around which clustered the hallowed memories of a happy, peaceful past, where the days drifted by in a languid fashion, no trouble or grief coming to mar the perfect harmony of a placid, beautiful existence. But all was changed, and as Ethlyn stood beside the man she loved so well the memory of what had been came to her with cruel rushing force, and up from the misty portals of a future that seemed utterly dark and cheerless, there arose only the black wreaths of desolation and despair. It was a soft, sensuous Chicago June evening, and as Harold adjusted his ear-muffs and took Ethlyn's hand in his, he felt that without the love of this woman, without her presence to cheer and her counsel to aid and guide him, his life would be as blank, and dreary, and desolate as a St. Louis paper. The very thought was maddening, and as it burned into his soul with cruel force he looked out sadly over his no-chance to get-out-unless-you-jump-over-collar, and Ethlyn saw that the lip which held his don't-tell-papa-moustache was quivering with pain. And then, as the crickets all about them were singing, and the murmurous breathing of a staccato cow was borne away to the westward on the singing breezes of the night, she put her arms around his neck, and as she stood there, a willing prisoner in the dimpled chains of love, spoke to him as she had never spoken before.

"You know I love you, Harold," she said—"love you with deathless passion that time can never assuage, and as the years go wearily by on leaden feet your image will ever be bright in my heart, your love for me a shrine at which I shall ever worship. I know that you are good and pure and do not smoke cigarettes. I know that your love would shield and protect me for ever and ever, and that in the love I should find the peace and contentment that every girl standing on the threshold of womanhood so longs for—that indefinable, mysterious, I-don't-know-whether-it-is-a-new-hat-or-caramels—that I want feeling that throws about the cold, flat facts of life the glamor of mystic dreamland that we feel, but cannot see. But such happiness may not be. I love you too well, Harold, to ever knowingly cause you one instant of pain, and therefore I say to you, standing here with the stars that deck the heavens looking down upon me, with the voice of nature saying in every budding flower and trembling leaf and horse-liniment almanac that summer has come again—I say it solemnly, tearfully, and for the last time, that I cannot be your wife"—and weeping in a mad, passionate way, as if all the chewing gum in the world was gone, she threw herself in a reckless, blind-stagger on the grass at his feet and moaned pitifully.

In an instant Harold had jumped over her feet and was kneeling beside her. "Why can you not marry me?" he asked. "What is the obstacle of which you speak so mysteriously?" "Do not ask me," she said. "Do not seek to make yourself miserable, perhaps for life."

"But I demand an answer," he said. Raising himself slowly, and sitting there on one foot, Ethlyn McNulty looks up at him. The moonlight stealing through the branches of the linden trees above them is not whiter than the face of the girl upon which it falls so gently, and in her eyes there is a look of haunting fear that is pitiful in its sad intensity.

"You shaver yourself?" she says, looking at him steadily.

"Yes," he answers. "But certainly that can have nothing to do with it." "Wait," says the girl. "It would be a sore trial to you were any one else to use your razor?"

"It would," is the reply.

"It is as I thought," continues Ethlyn—"No" (speaking gently to herself), "I could not resist the temptation, no woman could."

"What do you mean?" he asks. "I demand an answer."

"I mean," she replies, in a cold mechanical way, "that I have a hereditary corn."—*Chicago Tribune.*

#### Bill Arp Talks of Boys and Trades.

I believe in these schools where boys can learn trades. Peter the Great quit his throne, and went off to learn how to build a ship, and he learned from stem to stern, from hull to mast, and that was the beginning of his greatness. I know a young man who was poor and smart, and a friend sent him to one of these schools up North, and he stayed two years, and came back as a mining engineer and a bridge builder, and last year, he planned and built a cotton factory, and is getting a large salary. How many college boys are there in Georgia, who can tell what kind of native timber will bear the heaviest burdens or why you take white oak for one part of a wagon and ash for another, or what timber will last longest under water and what out of the water. How many know sand stone from lime stone or iron from manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or a brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the fastest the top of the wheel or the bottom as the wagon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made, and how a snake can climb a tree?

How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow gets up behind, and the cow eats grass from her and the horse eats to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark upon a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit without bloom?

There is a power of comfort in knowledge, but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it and wants it bad, and that is the trouble with most college boys, they don't want it. They are too busy and haven't got time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge than of a genius, for a genius generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's benefactors.—*Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.*

#### THE WORLD'S CONSUMPTION OF PAPER.

The statistics of the paper trade show that there are in round numbers nearly 4,000 paper mills in the world, producing but little short of 1,000,000 tons of paper a year, and giving immediate employment to 200,000 men, women and children. The number of people engaged in collecting the fiber plants, rags, and so on, used in paper making, and in handling the finished product, is quite incalculable. About half the paper made is printed upon, something like 300,000 tons being used by newspapers. It is estimated that the various governments consume in official business 100,000 tons of paper; schools, 90,000 tons; commerce, 120,000 tons; and private correspondence, 90,000 tons.

The uses of paper are now almost as numerous as the uses of iron and wood, which it is rapidly replacing. Every year adds to the number of its useful applications, and yet the indications are that men have but barely begun to utilize its varied properties, alone and in combination with other materials.

#### Alligator Leather.

It is said that not less than half a million alligators were killed last year to meet the growing demand for alligator leather, a demand which has sprung up mainly during the past four or five years. Thus what used to be a pest has been turned into a public benefit, so great that it is proposed to enact laws for the protection of alligators during certain seasons and when they are young. Most of the alligator skins come from Florida and the other Gulf States. The best skins are from alligators about six feet long. A manufacturer says that there is as much difference between a six-foot skin and an eighteen-foot skin as between a calfskin and an ox hide.

The skins are first packed in lime, to remove the heavy scales, and afterwards tanned much as ordinary leather is. The beauty of the leather comes from its scale marks. There are no two skins marked just alike, and it follows that no two articles made of the leather can be alike. The natural color of the leather is attractive, aside from the beauty of the markings. It finishes soft and flexible. It is conceded that Americans tan and finish it in a manner superior to the best workmanship of the old country. While the beauty of alligator leather is its chief merit, its durability is of scarcely less importance.

A young student from New Hampshire shot through the lungs in an engagement during the war, was brought to York much reduced from loss of blood and subsequent exposure. His condition was most critical and the surgeon gave no hope of his recovery.

He lingered for some days, hourly growing weaker. The chaplain told him his hours were numbered, and asked him if he had any last message to send. He had never thought of death, and gasped, "I cannot die; I must live for my mother's sake," then sank into a deep stupor. The nurse told me to take a last look at him, for he was dying. His pallid face, white as the pillow on which he rested, his deep sunken eyes and pinched features bore the impress of the fatal touch.

When almost gone, death stayed his "icy hand," the fluttering pulse returned, the heart beat with new vigor, and when I went out in the morning with some flowers to put in the pale hands for his burial he was asleep, with the first faint flush of returning life in his faded cheek. Slowly but

surely he regained his strength. As his term of enlistment was nearly ended, he was honorably discharged, and returned to the mother for whose sake he made his brave fight for life against such fearful odds. He took up his Blackstone again, and is now an eminent and honored jurist.

#### How to Foretell Weather.

The farmers Club of the American Institute has issued the following rules for foretelling the weather.

First.—When the temperature falls suddenly, there is a storm forming south of you.

Second.—When the temperature rises suddenly, there is a storm forming north of you.

Third.—The wind blows from a region of fair weather toward a region where a storm is forming.

Fourth.—Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in process to a region of fair weather.

Fifth.—Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather to a region where a storm is forming.

Sixth.—When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north to the northeast there will be rain inside of twenty-four hours, no matter how cold it is.

Seventh.—When the cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southeast there will be a cold rain storm on the morrow if it be summer, and if it be winter, there will be a snow storm.

Eighth.—The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north, the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the east, the heaviest rain is south; if it blows from the west the heaviest rain is north of you.

Ninth.—The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within 1000 miles of you.

Tenth.—Whenever heavy white frost occurs, a storm forming within 1000 miles north of northwest of you.

#### Domestic Recipes.

FIG CAKE.—One large cup of butter, 2½ cups of sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, 3 pints sifted flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of 10 eggs, 1½ lb. best figs, stems cut away, then shred very fine; 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, stew 4 hour, when cool spread between the cake as you take from the oven in two or more layers.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One quart of Graham flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, milk enough to make a batter as thick as for griddle cakes.

BUNS.—One cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of yeast, flour to make a batter. Let it rise over night, then add one-half cup of melted butter, a cup of sugar, flour to knead it, and let it rise again, then roll and cut into cakes, and let it rise again.

MEAT BALLS.—Mince together some slices of cold roast beef and ham. Add to the mince one cup of mashed potatoes, half a cup of cream, pepper, salt and a little tomato catsup. Mix well together. Beat up two eggs. Mix all together. Form in a little ball, dip the balls in a beaten egg, place in a wire basket, and fry in boiling lard or butter. Garnish with butter.

BLACKBERRY AND APPLE JAM.—Use equal weights of blackberries and fresh apples peeled and cored; put the fruit into a preserving-kettle with an equal weight of sugar, and place it over a moderate fire; remove all scum as it rises, and boil the jam for three-quarters of an hour, stirring it frequently; then cool it, and put it up as directed for currant jam.

GOOSEBERRY PANCAKES.—Melt some fresh butter in a frying-pan, put in one quart of gooseberries, fry them till tender and mash them; beat six yolks of eggs and three whites, sugar to taste, four spoonfuls of cream, four large spoonfuls of bread crumbs, and eight spoonfuls of flour; mix all together, then put to them the cooked green gooseberries and set them in a saucepan on the fire to thicken; fry in fresh butter, and sift sugar over.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.—One quart of ripe fresh huckleberries or blue berries; half a teaspoonful of mace or nutmeg; three eggs well beaten, separately; two cups full of sugar; four large tea spoonfuls of butter; one cupful of sweet milk; one pint of flour; two spoonfuls of baking powder. Roll the berries well in the flour, and add them last of all. Bake half an hour and serve with sauce. There is no more delicate and delicious pudding than this.

CURRANT JAM.—Choose fine, ripe currants; stem them, and weigh them; allow an equal weight of sugar; put the fruit and sugar in a preserving-kettle over a moderate fire and stir them occasionally until they boil; remove all scum as it rises, and boil the jam ten minutes from the time it begins to boil; then partly cool the jam, and put into glass or jar, and close them from the air with paper dipped in the white of an egg, slightly beaten.

A new motor has lately been discovered which, it is claimed, will supersede steam. The material from which the energy is generated is bi-sulphide of carbon, which is utilized as a motor agent in the form of vapor, and the advantage claimed for it over steam is that, while water expands in the ratio of one cubic inch to 1,700, bi-sulphide of carbon has an expansion property of one to 8,000. When the vapor is generated it passes

into the steam chest of the engine and moves the piston rods. A pipe attached to the engine conveys the exhaust vapor directly through a condenser back to the tank in its original liquified form to be generated. The system of generation and condensation is similar to the heat action, and with machinery properly constructed, it is claimed that a single supply of bi-sulphide of carbon can be used with reinforcements for an indefinite period. The cost of fuel is trifling, it being claimed that from the peculiar properties of the bi-sulphide an ordinary house fire can develop a power sufficient to run an ocean steamer. Water boils at 212 degrees, and it takes 320 degrees of heat to make steam available, while the new agent takes the form of vapor at 180 degrees."

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